

Boston, June 22, 1855.

Dear Wife:

A few days since, there was an awful tragedy committed in West Roxbury, in the violation and murder of a young girl and her little brother, in Bussey's woods, by some unknown fiend. The enclosed printed slips will give you the particulars, though you may have had the intelligence through the Providence papers. Notwithstanding the large rewards offered for the detection of the murderer, and the vigilant efforts of the police, no trace of him has yet been found. The possibilities of human nature, whether in descending to the diabolical or ascending to the angelic, are marvellous in their extremes. In this instance depravity seems to have touched its lowest round.

To-day I am to dine at the Otises. I met Georgina in the street yesterday, and she reported all as comfortable at Boylston Place as usual.

We have, as yet, received no letter or tidings from Fanny since she left home. Doubtless she has written to you. When she reaches Providence, tell her to stay as long as she chooses, as she needs all the recreation she can get.

Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Longel, and Hon. John P. Hale sailed yesterday for Liverpool. I meant to have seen them off, but could not spare the time, as it was my busy day. Anne Chapman also went with Mrs. Longel.

Yesterday there was a great meeting in Faneuil Hall, in regard to giving the ballot to the freedmen of the South, but I was too busy to get to it. Among the speakers was Henry Ward Beecher.

You will see in the Liberator of this week the letters of Edmund Quincy and Oliver Johnson, which the Standard declined publishing, relative to the vote of thanks of the new Executive Committee. The

letter of Mr. Quincy is very caustic upon Mr. Phillips, and will probably lead to a coolness between them. Mr. Johnson denies Mr. P's charges in the most explicit manner; and I do not see how the latter can ~~credibly~~ keep silent respecting them.

Hardly any one has called since I returned home; and I have done very little, except to ^{try to} recover the lost sleep and rest which ensued from my Pennsylvania trip. I still have a tired feeling.

The weather continues sultry. Yesterday we had copious showers.

Ellie has to-day another attack of neuralgia. She was not at breakfast.

Now that you and Fanny are away, the house seems quite solitary. I shall much rejoice when we shall all be together again. My desire for your restoration is intense. To achieve it, the good friends in whose hands you are placed will leave nothing undone.

I have concluded to remain in the city on the 4th of July, though there is to be a celebration at Framingham as usual, but not by our side of the house, so far as the calling of it is concerned.

I have not seen Mr. Phillips since I came back. It is seldom he comes into the office - perhaps not often into the city. He was a looker-on at the Faneuil Hall meeting yesterday.

Every thing is very beautiful about our Roxbury home. The foliage of the trees is complete, and the birds are as merry and vocal as though just liberated from bondage.

We have some very nice cherries
on our trees, though the robbers take
more than their share. I would send
you a box as a sample, if I ^{knew} ~~thought~~
you could safely eat them.

Let me hear how you are getting
along from time to time; and believe me

Ever your most affectionate
W. L. G.